[CHAP. IX.

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CHAP. IX.] BUTTERPOTS HILL.

lous. It was certainly not more than six or seven miles in a straight line. We struck along a small path into a wood, but in about a mile and a half this ended, and we came out on a marsh. Here we sat down to rest, when Bell pointed at a little distance, and before I could get up, a brace of ptarmigan rose, of which I bagged one; we then toiled across the marsh till twelve o'clock, when I began to feel almost knocked up. We accordingly halted, lighted a fire and made some tea, which, together with some beef we had brought with us, gave us strength for a fresh start. At one, after traversing some more marsh, we came on some small rocky "barrens," where I killed another brace of ptarmigan. We were then obliged to strike into the woods, and soon afterwards came down to the main brook, the same we had crossed near the harbour; wading through this, we had then some more very thick scrubby wood to scramble through for some distance, when we came out on some marshes and clear spaces near the foot of the first ascent of the hill. An amphitheatre of dark craggy precipices stretched away to the west at the distance of about a mile; but before us was a gentle ascent, which appeared to lead

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